DEBORAH DENT

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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THE DONKEY TURNED SCHOOLMASTER. page 14.

JOHNNY FIG AND HIS WIFE. page 22.

DEBORAH DENT

AND

HER DONKEY;

AND

MADAM FIG's GALA:

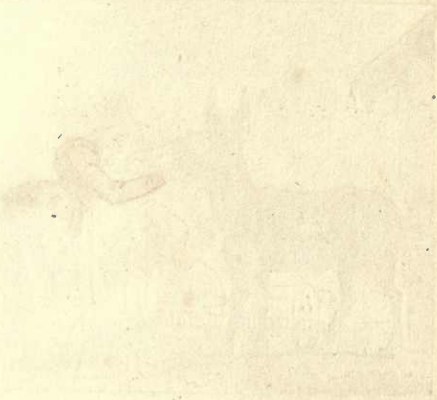
TWO HUMOROUS TALES.

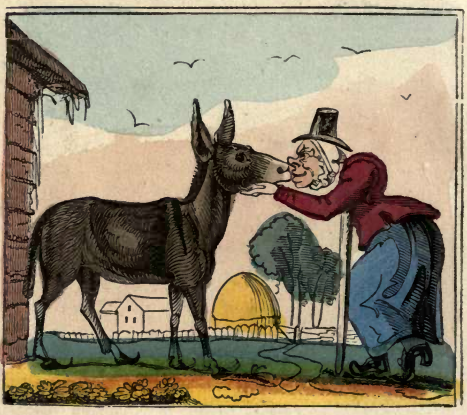
EMBELLISHED WITH

SEVENTEEN BEAUTIFULLY-COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:
DEAN AND MUNDAY, THREADNEEDLE-STREET; AND
A. K. NEWMAN & Co. LEADENHALL-STEET.

Price One-Shilling.





DEBORAH DENT had a Donkey so fine!
Marrowbones, cherrystones,
Bundle'em jig.
Cried Debby, I'll kiss this sweet Donkey of mine,
For sure the dear creature is almost divine;
Look at his eyes, how they sparkle and shine!

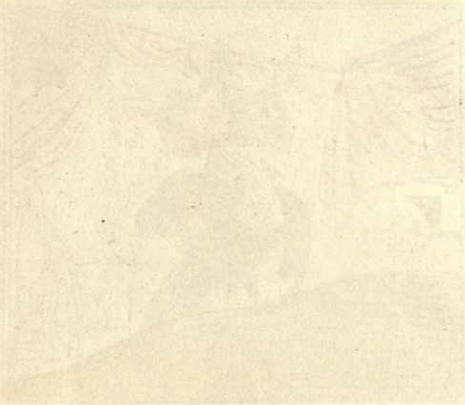
He's an ambling, scambling,
Braying-sweet, turn-up feet,
Mane-cropt, tail-lopt,
High-bred, thistle-fed,
Merry old Bundle'em jig.

In a car the fair ladies at Brighton he drew,
Marrowbones, cherrystones,
Bundle'em jig.
And jogging along with a jolly fat crew,
Quite into the sea for coolness he flew,
And made some fine pastime for dandies to view.

Like an ambling, scambling,
Braying-sweet, turn-up feet,
Mane-cropt, tail-lopt,
High-bred, thistle-fed,
Merry old Bundle'em jig.

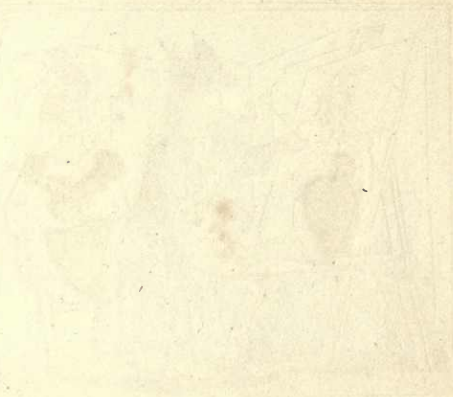
To the stump of his tail some gay ribands she bound,
Marrowbones, cherrystones,
Bundle'em jig.
And then at the races he trip to o'er the ground,
And bore off the prize, 'ere a flea could hop round:
Though the slowest of Donkeys the winner is found,
He's an ambling, scambling,
Braying-sweet, turn-up feet,
Mane-cropt, tail-lopt,
High-bred, thistle-fed,
Merry old Bundle'em jig.

Cries the dame, Pray turn Doctor, my honey,—d'ye see?
Marrowbones, cherrystones,
Bundle'em jig.
You'll get high in practice, and pocket a fee:
Since many a jackass (all parties agree)
For physic is famous, though silly as thee;
Who art an ambling, scambling,
Braying-sweet, turn-up feet,
Mane-cropt, tail lopt,
High-bred, thistle-fed,
Merry old Bundle'em jig.



Says Deborah, Wherefore, since learning's
the rage,
Marrowbones, cherrystones,
Bundle'em jig,
Should not my dear Donkey teach children
their page?
Pray set up a school, and be one of the sage,
In this wonderful, wonderful, wonderful age,
Like an ambling, scambling,
Braying-sweet, turn-up feet,
Mane-cropt, tail lopt,
High-bred, thistle-fed,
Merry old Bundle'em jig.

She sent for a barber, her Donkey to shave,
Marrowbones, cherrystones,
Bundle'em jig.
Cried Frizzle,—O, sir, what a strong beard you have!
This counsellor's wig will make you look grave,
And then at the bar you may bellow and rave
Like an ambling, scambling,
Braying-sweet, turn-up feet,
Mane-cropt, tail-lopt,
High-bred, thistle-fed,
Merry old Bundle'em jig.



And now, since your talents are gen'ral, you know,
Marrowbones, cherrystones,
Bundle'em jig.
Set up an artist, take portraits also.
The Ass took the hint—daub'd a canvas or so,
But found that his genius was lazy and slow.
Like an ambling, scambling,
Braying-sweet, turn-up feet,
Mane-cropt, tail-lopt,
High-bred, thistle-fed,
Merry old Bundle'em jig.

My tale to conclue: he draws sand in a cart,
Marrowbones, cherrystones,
Bundle'em jig.
Having failed to get credit in science or art,
And angry old Deb, with her crutch makes him smart,
Because he'd creep slowly, and not bear his part,
But remain an ambling, scambling,
Braying-sweet, turn-up feet,
Mane-cropt, tail-lopt,
High-bred, thistle-fed,
Merry old Bundle'em jig.

MADAM FIG'S GALA.

JOHNNY FIG was a green and white grocer,
In business as brisk as an eel, sir;
None than John to the shop could stick closer,
Which Madam Fig thought ungenteel, sir.

Sing turnips, and carrots, and greens,
Sing candles, red-herrings, and tea.
Of all the gay parties, I've seen,
'Tis Madam Fig's Gala for me.

Her neighbours resolved to cut out,

And astonish the rustic parishioners,

She invited them all to a rout,

And *ax't* all the village *musicioners*.

Sing turnips, and carrots, and greens,

Sing candles, red-herrings, and tea,

Of all the gay parties I've seen,

'Tis Madam Fig's Gala for me.

The company met gay as larks, sir,
Dressed out like blown roses and pinks;
And each buxom lass and gay spark, sir,
Had plenty of spirits to drink.

Sing turnips, and carrots, and greens,
Sing candles, red-herrings, and tea.
Of all the gay parties I've seen,
'Tis Madam Fig's Gala for me.

The Barber sung, 'Gallery of Wigs,' sir,
The *gemmen* all said—'twas the dandy;
And the *ladies* encored Johnny Fig,
Who volunteered 'Drops of Brandy.'

Sing turnips, and carrots, and greens,
Sing candles, red-herrings, and tea.
Of all the gay parties I've seen,
'Tis Madam Fig's Gala for me.

A brine tub, half full of beef, salted,
Madam Fig had trick'd out for a seat, sir,
Whereon Snip, for to sing, was exalted,
But the cover crack'd under his feet, sir.
Snip was sous'd in the brine, but soon rising
Exclaimed, while they laughed at his grief,
"Is't a matter so monstrous surprising,
To see pickled cabbage with beef?"

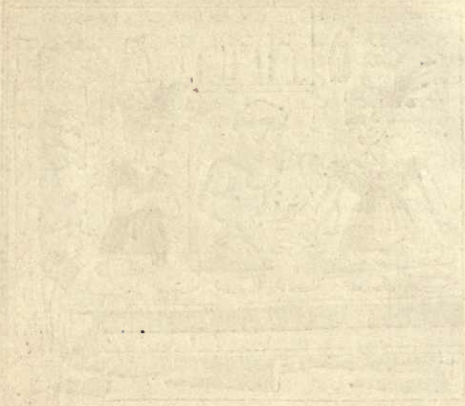
Sing turnips, and carrots, and greens,
Sing candles, red-herrings, and tea.
Of all the gay parties I've seen,
'Tis Madam Fig's Gala for me

To strike the assembly with wonder,
Miss screamed a cantata, like Boreas,
That waked farmer Thrasher's dog Thunder,
Who starting up, joined in the chorus:
While a donkey, the melody marking,
Chimed in too, which made a wag say, sir,
" Attend to the Rector of Barking 's
Duet with the Vicar of Bray, sir."

Sing turnips, and carrots, and greens,
Sing candles, red-herrings, and tea.
Of all the gay parties, I've seen,
'Tis Madam Fig's Gala for me.

To a ball soon the concert gave way,
And for dancing no souls could be riper,
So they struck up the 'Devil to Pay,'
But Johnny Fig he paid the piper.
But the best on't came after the ball,
For to set off the whole to perfection,
Madam Fig *ax't* the gentlefolks all,
To sup on a fine cold *collection.*

Sing turnips, and carrots, and greens,
Sing candles, red-herrings, and tea,
Of all the gay parties I've seen,
'Tis Madam Fig's Gala for me.

There were oysters, and salads, and porter,
Scotch collops, roast pig, and boiled fowl,
And glasses of brandy and water,
And plenty of punch in a bowl.
The guests they sat merrily down,
Determined to eat and drink hearty,
And nothing was talked of in town,
But Old Madam Fig's dashing party.

Sing turnips, and carrots, and greens,
Sing candles, red-herrings, and tea.
Of all the gay parties I've seen,
'Tis Madam Fig's Gala for me.